







IS FIVE

begin

FIVE BOOKS

by E. E. Cummings

1. The Enormous Room
2. Tulips and Chimneys
3. *62*
4. *Xli Poems*
5. *Is Five* 9

by E. E. Cummings

is



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FOREWORD

On the assumption that my technique is either complicated or original or both, the publishers have politely requested me to write an introduction to this book.

At least my theory of technique, if I have one, is very far from original; nor is it complicated. I can express it in fifteen words, by quoting *The Eternal Question And Immortal Answer* of burlesk, viz. "Would you hit a woman with a child? — No, I'd hit her with a brick." Like the burlesk comedian, I am abnormally fond of that precision which creates movement.

If a poet is anybody, he is somebody to whom things made matter very little—somebody who is obsessed by Making. Like all obsessions, the Making obsession has disadvantages; for instance, my only interest in making money would be to make it. Fortunately, however, I should prefer to make almost anything else, including locomotives and roses. It is with roses and locomotives (not to mention acrobats Spring electricity Coney Island the 4th of July the eyes of mice and Niagara Falls) that my "poems" are competing.

They are also competing with each other, with elephants, and with El Greco.

Ineluctable preoccupation with The Verb gives a poet one priceless advantage: whereas nonmakers must content themselves with the merely undeniable fact that two times two is four, he rejoices in a purely irresistible truth (to be found, in abbreviated costume, upon the title page of the present volume.)

E. E. Cummings.

A LIST OF WHERE

THESE BOOKS

have been published

*

England France Italy

Austria and

America

*

TITLE IS V

FOREWORD xl vl

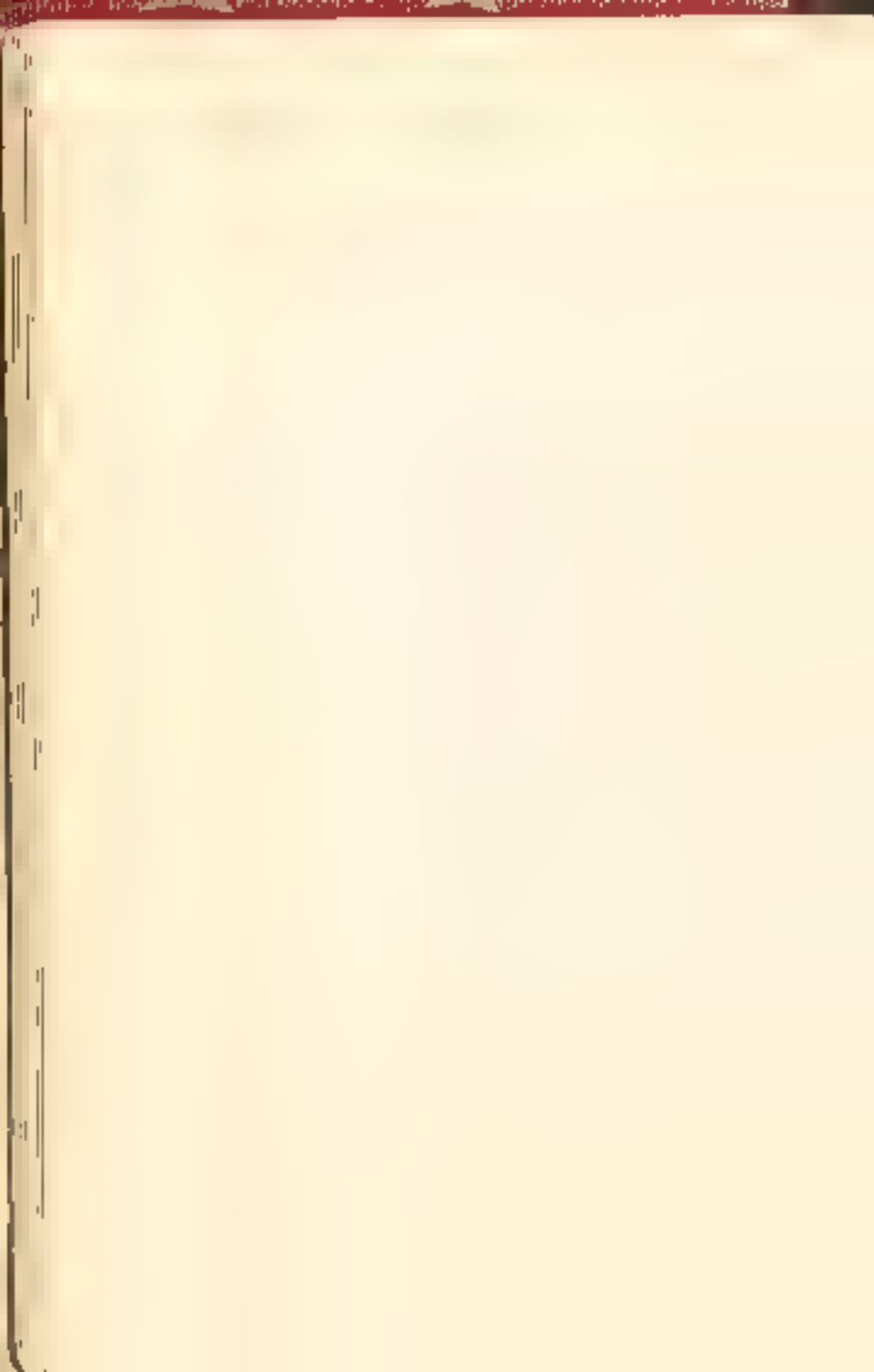
ONE i-xx 1-55

TWO i-xxi 5-72

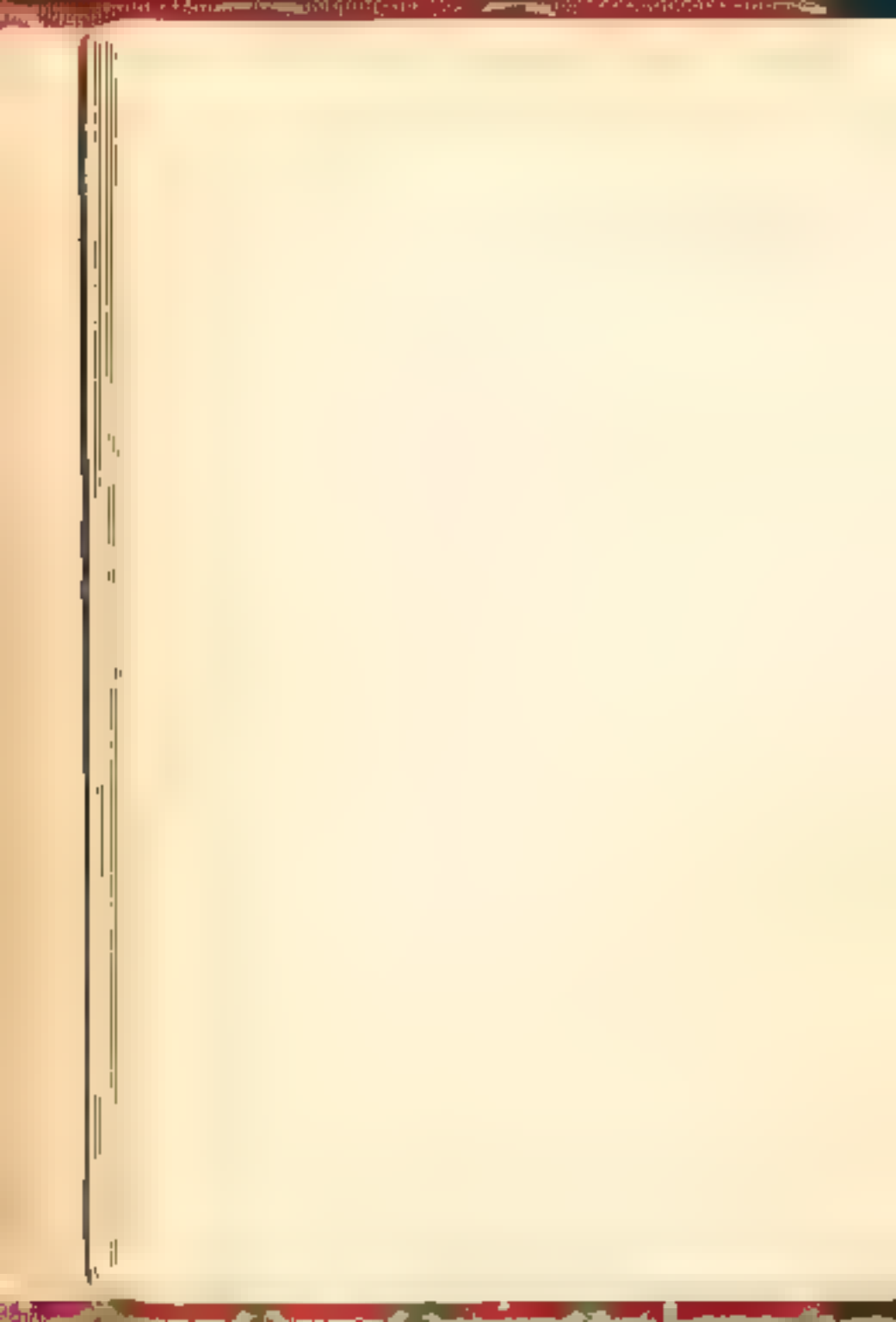
THREE i-x 73-86

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ONE



with breathing as faithfully her lownecked
dress a little topples and slightly expands

ONE

one square foot mired in silk wrinkling both
stocking legs as queerly to us a few
gestures to death,

the silent shoulders are both
slowly with pinkish ponderous arms bedecked
whose white thick wrists deliver proximity to
a deep as enormous mindless hands.
and no one knows what I am sure of this
her blunt unsunder what her big unkeen

"Business is rotten" the face yawning said

what her mouth thinks of

if it were a kiss
distinct entirely melting snow as lean
whereof this lady in some book had read

ONE

sat p's down the hand mirror "Look at" arrang ng
before me a melodious shot grin
(with what was nose up & turned into nothing
earthly with the support eyes down
in surging flesh. A chamberlaine back down
dragging pants back skin "side" scaling, ceased
to breathe. The p's mouth not opening
"wisdom." Pucker of gold. "Yep. No gas. Flynn

the words trouble solidly from the used
cheeks "I feel with words, some move all right.
Aint much on looks but how dat away ached."

and when it truly hinted "new-caine"
the eyes our start, our boat, are newly baked

and swaggering cookies of indignant light

III GERT

ing joggie think w. do t although the grad
 morasvda e jouner possib y can te
 better how the bal oons move t as
 her ghost larks, a Beau Brummel sticking in his three

ONE
 I

cornered always moist enough jazz,
 for whose twitching legs, between you and me
 almost surreas whole town e rings the sea
 But if her e e rspace cured vndy scar
 tself t with the anough baoutta dnd
 erk an garra's there's no sharpest near
 word for the thing.

Her voice:

gruesome, a trul
 caps from the lungs "grame uh swc fit

use up her yknow Raktuz Toysday n'c,
 where uh guy gets gayn troze uh mastersalad

ONE

1

"Life"

Listen" the female with redashed legs and crossing them slowly) "I'm asleep. Yep. You're asleep and everybody is." And, hazarded "god" almost slightly. "O damn ginks like us Gaudi" opening slowly owly them—then carelessly the rolypoly voice squatting in a mountain of gum and something like a whisper, "even her." "The Madam," emitted, vaguely watching that mountainous worthiness the fragrant act of doing her eyebrows.—Mary's daughter smacked me, pummeling the curtains, dropped to a purr

left her permanently smiling

should not really ask of God why
 on the alert neck of this brittle whore
 delicately wobles an improbably distinct face,
 and how these wooden big two feet conclude
 happening, y the unfirm drooping orated
 calves

would receive the answer more
 or less deserved. Young fellow go in peace,
 which is as Dick Mid once noted
 after a Green River horse's to youse
 "a broke wot's well behaved" and always try
 to not wonder how let's say elation
 causes the bent eyes thickly to protrude—

or why her times' wn speeded invitation
 is like a clock striking in a dark house

ONE

I

ONE take it from me kiddo
II believe me
my country, 'tis of

you, land of the Cluett
Shirt Boston Garter and Sparm
Girl With The Wrigley Eyes of you
land of the Arrow Ide
and Bar. &
Wason

Landers lot you
sing land of Abraham Lincoln and Tyda E. Pinkham,
land above all of Just Add Hot Water And Serve
from every B. V. D

let freedom ring

amen do however protest, anent the an
spontaneous and otherwise scented mende which
grows one. Every where Why as drive poetry per
that not his really defunct periodical would

suggest that certain ideas gestures
rhymes, like Concrete Razor Blades
having been used and used
to the mystical moment of business emphatically are
Not To Be Resharpened use in point

If we are to believe these gently O sweetly
melancholy traders amid the thrivers
the re-crepuscular visionists among my and your
skyscrapers Helen & Cicoparra were Just Too Love-y,

The Snails On The Thorn enter Morn and Grief's
In His anasothrth

ONE
II

do you get me? according
to such supposedly indigenous
throstles Art is O World O Life
a formula exchange Turn Your Snail Into
Drawers and It Isn't A Fastman It Isn't A
Kodak therefore my friends go
us now sing each and all fortissimo A-
mer

I

Oh, I
love.
You And there're a
hun-dred-mul-hun-oth-ers, like
all of you successfully if
delicately gendered, or spaced)
gentlemen (and ladies) pretty

little, ever-pun-
beated-Nu jo needing- There's A Reason
americans (who tenetendoned and with
upward vacant eyes, painfully
perpetually crouched, quivering, upon the
sternly allotted sandpile
—how silently
emit a tiny violetflavoured nuisance Odor-

one.
comes out like a ribbon lies flat on the brush

ONE
III

curtains part
be peacockspattered
prodigy of Flo's midnight
Front dolores

small in the head keen chased like a Rolls
Royce
swoops smooth y

outward amid
linking-cheering-hammering

tables

while sitting along Kirkland Street
the intangible ghost of Professor
Royce rules

remembering that it

has for
gotten some-
thing ah

my

necktie

workingman with hands so hairy-sturdy
you may turn O turn that airy hardysturdygurdy
but when we turn backward O backward I come in your anthy flight
and make me a child, a pretty dribbling child, a little child

ONT

IV

in thy year ear
en Amérique ou le bon que de J'agyaie.
things are going rather kaka
over there, over there
yet we scarcely fare much better—

What's become of if you please
all the glory that or which was Greece
and the grand, a
that was dada?

make me a child stout hardysturdygurdyman
waiter, make me a child. So this is Paris.
we sit on the corner and drink thins and drunk drunks,
in memory of the Grand and Old days
of Amy Sandburg
of Algernon Carl Swinburned.

Wa ter a drink waiter two or three drunks
what's become of Waterlink
now that April's here,
ask the man who owns one
ask Dad, He knows,

ONE
V

yonder dead from the neck up graduate of a
somewhat obscure to be sure university spends
her time looking picturesque under

the as it happens quite
erroneous impression that he

natur

Jimmie's a gal

ONE

VI

gal

gal,

Jimmie

's got a gal and

she could y can shimmy

when you see her shake

shake

shake,

when

you see her shake a

shimmy how you wish that you was Jimmie.

Oh for such a gal

gal

gal,

oh

for such a gal to

be a fellow's twist and swirl

talk about your Sal-

Sal-

Sal-

talk

about your Sal o

-ries but gimme Jimmie's gal,

ONE
VII

the wadding
madam star
taps
taps. 'ready girls' the

unspontaneous screens
make bright their eyes
a
blind rather flickers a

scotch jig in a stinking
joyman bar
a cockney is
ouying whiskies for a tank

a watter antones blood-mon-n
sirkusricky
piazoung
happytoad yesmam the

furious taximan
pfeccers
on his whistle somebody
says here's luck

somebody else says down the hatch
the nigger smokes
the crew stands
besides his teddy-bears

the sailor shuffles the
tught with quivery eyes
the great black preacher gargles jesus
the aesthete indulges

has sown for certain things which died
it is eighteen hundred
years
exactly

ONE
VII

under the window
under the window
under the window walk

the unborn feet of
the little ladies more than dead

ONE
will

listen my children and you
shall hear the true

story of Mr Do-
-nothing the well-known parvenu
who

having dreamed of a corkscrew
studied with Freud a year or two
and when Freud got through
with Do-

nothing Do-
-nothing could do
nothing which you
and I are accustomed to
accomplish wo-

or three times, and even a few
more depending on the remu-
nerativeness of the strong and ches-
fu-
gates Postu-
me boo

who

even fall asleep things moments be
murdered known photographed, ourselves vawding will ask ourselves
ou sont les images. . . some

ONE

IX

guys take big

about London Britain an gay Parce an
some guys claims der never was
na n like Nober Means shikahgo & "
Levey New York an der F and raphones
w/cess subways vacuum
cleaners pianos funnygraphs skyscrapers an safety razors

sall right in its way kiddo
our as der g munc de good but claze

in dem faze kid Christmas
meat sumpn youse knows wot
refers ter Satter Na vuh comes out once er
year i'll tel de world one sweet as g-p
time wen nobody wore no cloze
an went runnin aroun wid cashhammer IIc 1
Bent fer election makin demve dey was chust born

ONE
X

death is more than
certain a hundred these
sounds crowds occurs it
is in a hurry
beyond that any this
taxi smile or anger we do

not sell and buy
things so necessary as
is death and unlike shirts
neckties trousers
we cannot wear it out

no sir which is why
granted who discovered
America either the movies
may claim general importance

to me to you nothing is
what particularly
matters hence in a

little sunlight and less
moonlight, ourselves against the worms

hate laugh shammy

loudly uses all the time

ONE
XI

had an uncle named
Sol who was a horn failure and
nearly everybody said he should have gone
into vaudeville perhaps because my Uncle Sol could
sing *McCart He Was A Diver On Xmas Eve Like Hell Itself* which
may or may not account for the fact that my Uncle

Sol indulged in that possibly most inexcusable
of all, to use a high falootin phrase
luxuries that is or to
wet farming and be
it needlessly
adieu

my Uncle Sol's farm
failed because the chickens
ate the vegetables so
my Uncle Sol had a
chicken farm till the
skunks ate the chickens when

my Uncle Sol
had a skunk farm but
the skunks caught cold and
died and so
my Uncle Sol mutated the
skunks in a subtle manner

or by drowning himself in the watercrank
but somebody who'd given my Uncle Sol a Victor
Victrola and records who he loved presented to
him upon the auspicious occasion of his decease a

ONE sumptuous not to mention splendid funeral with
XI tax boys in black gloves and flowers and everything and

remember we all cried like the Missouri
when my Uncle Sol's coffin lurched because
somebody pressed a button
(and down went
my Uncle
Sol

and started a worm farm)

now his "daughter" is one who isn't precisely slim - slim

ONE

pay - I don't know what mean to do with word sign -

XII

not disagreeable contrast but far not exactly fat

'father' - adjust to his robe - who now pushes on his flat hat

ONE
XIII

and I imagine
never mind for agreeably cheerful remarked when
surrounded by far stupid animals
the jewess shrieked
the messiah fumbled successfully into the world
the animals continued eating And I imagine she, and
heard them sobber and
in the darkness?

stood sharp angles with faces like Jim Europe

it really must
be Nice, never to

ONE
XIV

have no imagination nor never
never to wonder about guys you used to and them
sum hot queens w. a. lam next to nothing

on, tangoung
, while a teacher runs
to haul down the fifty bucks per
job with one foot and rock a

tragic with the other pt Must be
once never have no doubts about why you
put the ring
on, and watching her
face grow old and tired to which

you're married and hands get red washing
the pots and dishes and a never never really wonder
mean about the smell
of babies and how you

know the dam tent's going to and everything and never, never
Never to stand at no wind w
because i can't sleep/smoking sawdust

cigarettes in the
quadrant of the night

ONE

XV

this man is so so
Walter
this woman is

please that that
he pout And affectionate leer
intermine. A pyramid, thank us
, this man is oh so tired of this
a door opens by itself
woman they so to speak were in

Love once

now

her mouth opens too far
and she asks her lobster without
feet in gale under the
mercy

(exit the hors d'oeuvres)

It started when Bill's ch'p set on to
the ha' as he'd humped a white mark on his face.
Then she came toward him in her knees across the locked
room. He knocked her down and beat it for Chicago.

CNE
XVI

Edith was waiting for him, and they cleaned up a few
times—before she got the life
from a crowd that knew Tom in Lapeka, went mean
and which was very sulky worked

the diamond he gave her. Bill was p' it was
that she was coming with his kid inside her.
He laughed. She came. He gave her a shove
and asked Edith to take care to make her
she exact as ever looking back of love

in The Chair he kept talking about eyes

JNE
XVII

IKKY GOLDBERG'S WORTH I'M
TOLD \$ SEVERAL MILLION
FINKLESTEIN FRILZ, LIVES
AT THE RITZ WEAR
CARL & WILSON COLLARS

why are these puppies taking their nets off
the king & queen
sneaking from their amorous ne-
ighbour the Hotel Maurice whereas
I live in a garret and eat aspirine

ONF
XVIII

but who is this pale softish a most tanned
young man whom I shall wait to see & so
nash the author of *Women By Night* whose latest *Seeds*
Dr Fwi sold 69 car cards on the
publication and go why goes wrong you

know whereas when I go down through town
much How did the traffic get so jammed
bead it is the famous doctor who inserts
monkey glands in mammae to produce a nestling pas
whereas, upon the other hand myself but let us next demand

wherefore you mob
an accident? somebody got concus-
sion of the brain—Not
a bit of it, my dears merely the prime
minister of Siam in native

costume who
emerging from a prison
enters abruptly Notre Dame whereas
de gustibus non disputandum est
my lady is tired of that sort of thing

ONE
AIX

this young question mark man

question mark
who suffers from
indigestion's question
mark is a remarkably
charming person

personally they feel

one as for me
i only know that
as far as
his pictures goes

he's a wet dream

by Suzanne

int youse needn't be so spry
concernin' questions art'y

ONE
XX

each has his tastes out as fur a
i likes a certain par'y

g mme he he-man's sound boss
for youse guess i'll match youse

a pretty girl who naked is
is worth a million statues

was sitting in Mosley's car inside it was New York and beautiful snowing.

Inside snug and even the slobbering was a titillating pusherless creases of screaming warmth chuckling lows are noise funny swallows swallowing revolving pompous as the swallowed mouth with smooth or a hub of rapidly goes gobbling and of flecks in and a charter subbages intersect with which distant disks of granetia oath, upscouring the break on colding flatness

the Bar looking conscious legs of ripe silver with warmish wetflap spilling smothering the glush of squinting and paws slash of foam knocked off and a faint plaid of drops she says I plot spurt the what the lands that me kid in air hopping sawdust you knock he's a paiping wreath of halcyon Yep cigars who join him why gawey grows hupper together eyes pour gestures of likely point mane giants squinting who's a wink hummolling and money fuzzily mouths take big wait by 100 steps every gaggling out of it get our cars don't es sit right and fever belch the chap has sum more eh chuckles skaleh

and was singing to the din thumping drinking the ale which never lets you grow old drinking at the low ceiling my being pleasantly was punctuated by the always renchings in a worthless amp.

when With a minute terrific effort meddly square of soap lighter yanking from bushy oscurry a hair green sh toe a head stand show It suddenly upon the

huge neck around whose unwashed sonorous muscle
the Lith of a collar hung gently

ONE
XXI

(spattered, by this instant of semi-numinous nausea A
vast wordless nondescript genre of trunk tucked firmly
in to one exactly mutilated ghost of a chair,

a, domeshaped interval of complete plasticity, should-
ers, sprouted the extraordinary arms through an an-
gle of ridiculous velocity commenting upon an un-
clean table and whose distended immense Both paws
slowly oved a dented mug

gone Darkness it was so near to me, I ask of shad-
ow won't you have a drink

(the eternal perpetual question)

Innate snug and cozy was sitting in mesoracy's
It, did not answer

outside it was New York and beautifully, snowing

ONE
XXII

she being Brand

new and you
know consequently a
little stiff was
careful of her arms having

thoroughly once the universal
joint tested my gas feet it
it had and made sure her springs were O

K. I then right to it flooded the carburetor crinked her

up, slipped the
clutch and when somehow got into reverse she
locked wheel
the heel seat
immediate was back on neutral tried and

again slowly barely moving my

lever Right-
on and her gears being
A 1 step passed
from low through
second-in-to-high like
grease-ignition gas as we turned the corner of Divinity

avenue touched the accelerator and gave

her the juice, good

was the first time and believe it or not we was
happy to see how well she acted right up to
the last minute coming back down by the Public
Gardens & standing on
the

ONE
XXII

internal expanding
&
external contracting
brakes Both at once and

brought all of her tremb-
ling
to a dead

stand-
(Still)

ONE
XXIII

slightly before the middle of Congressman Putnam's 4th of July oration, when a crier and a town Amy Lowell got up and all the little schoolchildren sat down.

Dick Mid's large bluish face without eyebrows

ONE
XXIV

sits in the kitchen nights and chews a two-bit
cigar

waiting for the girls to pull his joint.

Jimmie was a dude. Dark hair and nice hands.

with a little eye that rolled and made its point

Jimmie's sister worked for Dick. And had some runs
over percent. The gang got shot up twice, it
operated in the hundred ends.

At the chips would kid Jimmie to give them a kiss
but Jimmie never regular stewed three times a week
and slept twice a week with a big toothless girl
in Yonkers.

Dick Mid's green large three teeth leak

smoke remembering, two pink big lips curl

how Jimmie was framed and got his

ONF
XXV

o

the sweet & aged people
who rule this world and me and
you if we're not very
careful

O.

the darling benevolent mindless
He—and She—
shaped waxworks filled
with dead ideas the ob

quintillions of incredible
juddering ghouly toothless
always-so-much-interested-
in-everybody's-business

bipeds OH
the hithering
dear unnecessary hairies
o

id

on the Madam's best apron the
twenty new ice

ONE
XXVI

anyway and
it's flutters everything
queer, does smells he smiles is
like Out of doors he saw with
eyes and making twice the a week
you kind of, know 'kind well. If
A sort of the way he smile out
and her a mean me a
Irish, cook but we I oh don't
you makes must want to do somehow
quick yes when (now, dark dear on,
the German
how, I am noisy,
oh how listens and, expands
my somewhere down my heart my
the haughty coolish
of The waist are
parks for wiggly yes has
are leap, with a way

give rapid fapbuls of
idiotic big hands

ONE
XXVII

as that named Fred
somebody hippopotamus, scratch-
ing, one, knot with its
friend observes I

pass Mr Tom Larsen twirls among

pale lips the extinct
cigar) at

which

this once finger
of variats lean exroper of
hormen sudden y crashue things man spits

quickly into the very bright spittoon

my uncle
Dante fought in the civil
war band and can play the triangle
like the devil, my

uncle Frank has done nothing for many
years but fly kites and
when the
string breaks, or something) my uncle Frank breaks into
tears. my uncle Tom

kicks and is a kewpie above the cars but

my uncle Ed
that's
dead from the neck

up a road and over
Brattle Street by a castrated pup

ONE
XXX

than 'by yon sunset's waxy glow
revels his ra'st strong stalwart youth,
what sigh shall human eyes know
more quite embold'ning south

One wondrous fine sunlaugh
(to all purposes and intents
in which it smelt and rich
portrait should be included) gents

these by the fire's radi y glow
antennae not less than sixteen
children and of course you know
their mother, of his heart the queen

uncalculable bliss'
Picture it gents our hero, Dan
who as you've guessed already is
the poorest honest workingman

'by that bright flame whose myriad tints
enrich a visage simple, terse,
scated like any king or prince
upon his uncorrupted rise

with all his hearty soul aglow)
his nightly supper sups
it isn't snowing snow you know
it's snowing buttercups

weazened Ineffurable unastonished
two, countenances seated in arranging sunlight
with crooked sparkling tWENTY fingers, large
four gauged lips totter

ONE
XXX

Therefore, approaching my wentysix selves
adjoining in immortal Spring express a cry of
How do you find the sun ladies

(grad and very gradually "there is not enough
of it" their hands
manutely

answered

ONE
XXXI

stop look &

listen Venezia incline thine
 ear you grassworks
 of Marano
 pause
 elevator near
 mezzo del cammin' that means half-
 way up the Campanile, believe

thou me cocodrilo—

mine eyes have seen
 the glory of

the coming of
 the Americans particularly the
 brandy I shall regret the night which is
 armed with large megaphoned
 voices Bauckers Mothers and Koraks
 by night upon the Riva Schiavoni or in
 the fabulous vicinity of the de l'Europe

Grand and Royal
 Dance their numbers

are like unto the stars of Heaven.

i do signore
 affirm that all gondola signore
 day be ow me gondola signore gondola
 and above me pass loud v and gondola

rapidly denizens of Omaha A-tonna or what
not creches asstn cohorts from Du u a u o c may,
gondola knows C iningonun anati gondola don't

ONE
XXXI

the substantial doJarhringung virgins

"from the Loggia where
are we angels by O yes
beautiful we now pass through the look
girls in the style of that's the
foliage what is it didn't Ruskin
says about you got the haven't Marjorie
isn't this we, curamunpy darling"

O Education: O

thos cook & son

(O to be a metope
now that triglyph's here)

ONE
XXXII

a man who had fallen among thieves
lay by the roadside on his back
dressed in (fifteenth-century) leas
wearing a round jer for a hat

fate not a somewhat more than less
emancipated evening
had in return for consciousness
endowed him with a changeless grin

whereon a dozen staunch and soul
citizens did gaze at pause
then fired by hyperbolic zeal
sought newer pastures or because

swaddled with a frozen brook
of pinkest vomit out of eyes
which noticed nobody he looked
as if he did not care to rise

one hand did nothing on the vest
its wide-flung friend reached weakly out
while the other trouserfly confessed
a button solemnly inert

Brushing from whom the stiffened puke
I put him all into my arms
and staggered hanged with terror through
a million billion trillion stars

Be upon sam
-ness of
evensong
eyes are chisels

ONE
XXXIII

sea at Goes
with her
whetted
face, gashed

by hair's blue cold

joints of
lovecrazed abrupt

flesh spat "I pretty
Baby"
to
numb rhythm before Christ

INT
XXXIV

this evangelist
buttons with his big got ywoy voice
the kingdom of heaven up behind and crazily
skating together and hither a filthy sawdust
chucks and rolls
against the tent his thick jogging fists
he is persuasive

the editor ogarsunking holgobon swims
upward with sawvelcha one widdang + gscanda while
five other fingers snatch
rapidly through mist a defunct king as

lnotypes gobbichobule

our eighthheavy twic twoe ingly attacks
standing a onetwo
which doubles up suddenly his bunged hanging
victim against the
giving ropes amid
screams of deeply hanging thousands

1 too omid one kely

in response to howledooze the candidate's new silk
and bounds gently from his hardness
a smile mamarbates softly in the vacant
lot of his physiognomy
his scientifically pressed trousers ejaculate spats
a strikingly succulent getup

out
we knew a muffhunter and he said to us Kid.
daze nutn like it.

pondering, these busted statues
of yon mother's forum be aware
notice what hath remained
—the stone cringes
crouching to the stone how obsolete

lips utter their extant smile
remark

a few deleted of texture
or meaning monuments and dolls

resist Them Greediest laws of careful
time all of which is extremely
unimportant whereas Life

matters for

when the your- and my-
idle vertical worth goes
self under a peculiarly
momentary

partnership to instigate
constructive

Horizontal

business even so, let us make haste
—consider well this ruined aqueduct

lady,
which used to read something into somewhere)

ONE
XXXVI

ta
ppin
g
'oe

hip
popot
amus Back

gen
tec y
lugu
bri ous

eyes
LOOP THE LOOP

as

fathandsbangrag

poets yeggs and th' resties

C.N.E.
XXXVII

since we are spanked and put to sleep by do's and
us not be continually astonished should
from their actions and speeches
sawdust perpetually leak

rather is it between such beddings and
bumpings of ourselves as be reserved
how in this fundamental respect the well
recognised regime of childhood is reversed

meantime as dreams let us investigate
thoroughly each one his optimum room first
having taken care to lie upon our
abdomens for greater privacy and rest

punished bottoms interrupt philosophy

As I was standing on the third rail waiting for the next train to grind me into a mess about various assured thoughts slowly rept into my highly sexed mind.

It seemed to me that I had first of all really made quite a mistake of being so all horn, seeing that I was well fed and only half awake, cursed with no clothes, correctly dressed, cleanshaven above the navel, and much to my astonishment much impressed by having once noticed as an inanimate phenomenon George Washington a most pompously surrounded by well drawn icecakes which being too strong, in brief an American, if you understand that I mean what I say believe my most intimate friends would never have gathered.

A consolation which had always not hurt me much and in the same place.

Why according to tomorrow's paper the projection will not rise yesterday.

Inexpressible itelings to be photographed with Lord Rothermere playing with Lord Rothermere husbands very well by moonlight with Lord Rothermere.

A crocodile eats a native, who in revenge beats insensate with a unanym, establishing meanwhile a religious cult based on consubstantial intangibility.

His Royal Highness said "peck-a-oo!" and the tame fleas let the pretty embroidered howdah immediately XXXVII.

The imprints of an angel named Fredrick found on a lightning-rod, Boston, Mass.

such were the not unharmed reflections to which my organ of imperception gave birth, which should ordinarily have been rejected, which, considering the back ground, was fairly surprising if anyone, as my shadow is exactly extraordinary. We refer, of course, to my position. A bachelor incapable of a spouse, he had long suppressed the desire to suppress the suppressed desire, as I we say. I understand, while meaning its opposite. Nothing could be clearer to all concerned than that I am not a policeman.

Meanwhile the tea regressed

Keeping again H. G. Wells and Arabian Nights shook hands again and yet again shook again hands again, the former craftsman with a piece of cloth again latter then opening a box of new without exaggeration show with some difficulty. Mrs. Wiggins took Mrs. Wiggins's hand, exchanging the spoon by a spoon, as I wished by courtesy of the management on Thursdays, opposite which a church stood perfectly upright but not plain, from a watermelon causes indigestion to William Cullen Longfellow's small negro son. Henry Wadsworth Bryant

By this time, however the flight of crows had ceased I withdrew my hands from the Lennarake. All was

ONE over One brief, evasive octopus, and then out here
XXXVIII folded his umbrella

It seemed too beautiful

Let us perhaps excuse me if I repeat himself these, or perhaps these, were the not unimportant thoughts which occupied the subject of our attention, I speak even less objectively I was honestly startled & you & artistically far off the mark before he really tried after we arrived. If I should have made this perfectly clear, it entirely would have been not my fault.

voices to voices, p to ap
swear to no one everyone constitutes
undying, or whatever this and that, petal confutes
o exist being a peculiar form of sleep

ONE
XXXIX

what's beyond logic happens beneath what's,
nor can these moments be translated i say
that even after April
by God there is no excuse for May

bring forth your flowers and machinery sculpture and prose
flowers guess and miss
machinery is the more accurate, yes
it delivers the goods, Heaven knows

yet are we mindful though not as yet awake,
of ourselves which shout and which being
for a little while and which easily break
in spite of the best overseeing

mean that the bond absence of any program
except last and a ways and first to live
takes unimportant what and you believe,
not for philosophy does this rose give a damn

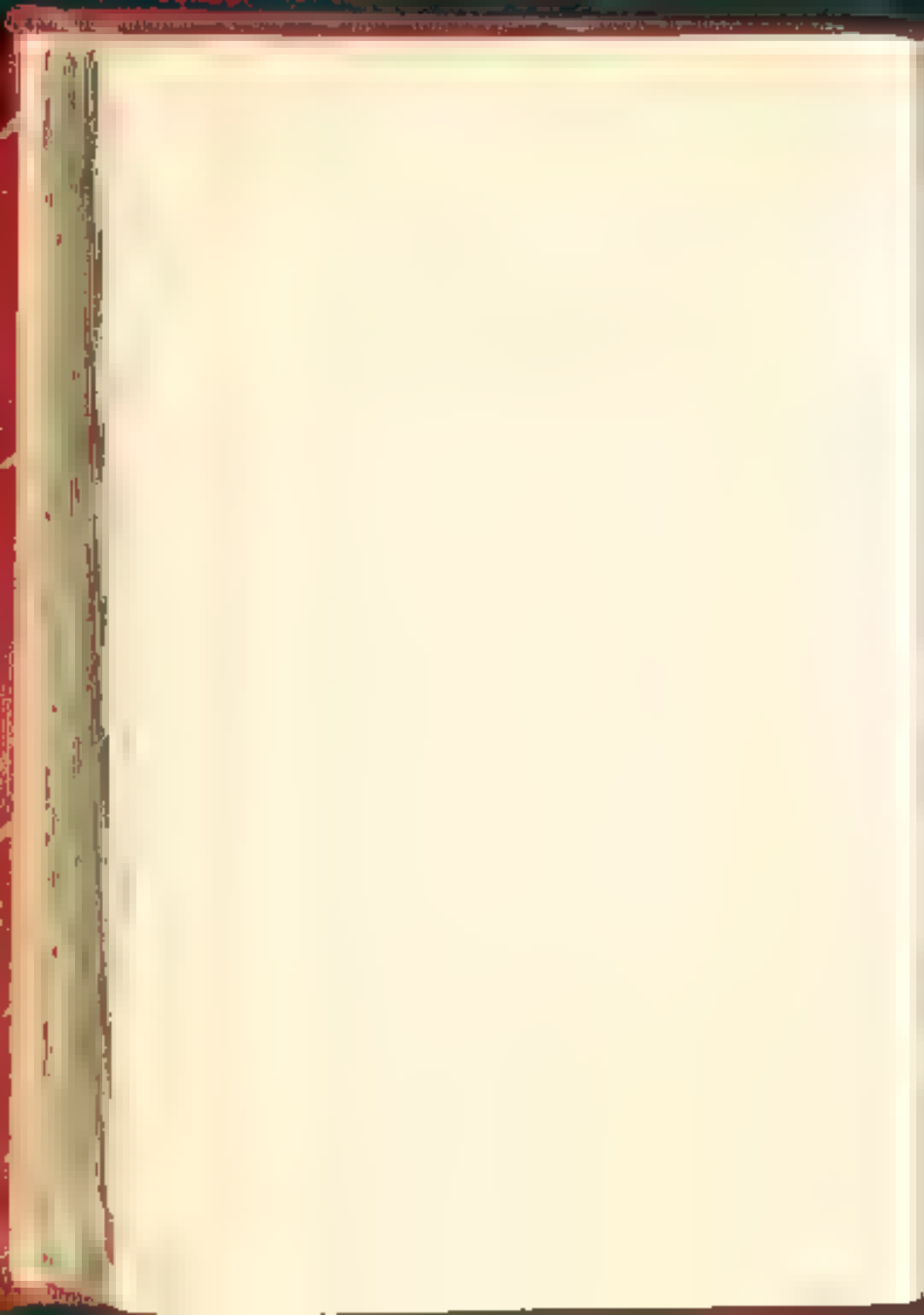
or go on your fireworks, which are a mixed
quander of passion and of past, very well
provided an instant may be fixed
so that it will not rub, like any other pastel.

Who you and have lips and voices which
are for kissing and to sing with
who cares if some sneered son of a bitch
invents an instrument to measure Spring with

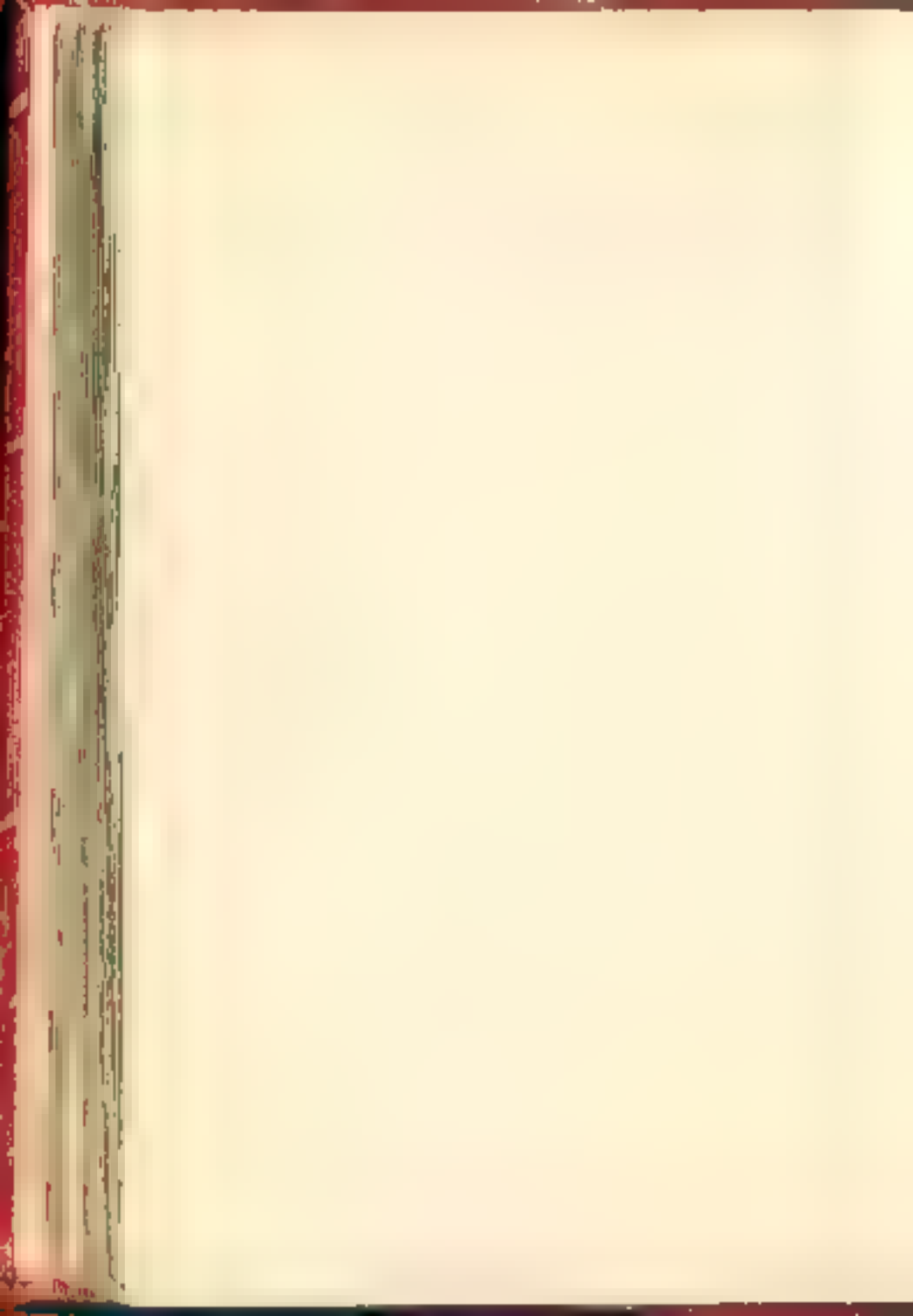
ONT each dream nascent is not made 1
X&XIX why then to Hell with that the other this,
since the thing perhaps is
to eat flowers and not to be afraid.

Life hurt my

Yes, crumbles in my fu. released concrete in ev'fitter, n'ga, where
 no lions of affixt i ter ang brighim ion of's n'ed ed n'odg, ing
 whom are Yes shv-dodg is br'g'te cu M'shandul, quick n' n'ed u' who
 s'f'f'tem, m'ndes, flur'crum's are floutfa 'm'g, alw'c n'
 a crumb'f' erang sh is s'cr'f'ar'as n'gta tall' m'ishv m' l'ur g'f'ions
 no: n'ur! l'ur'keo 'm'nd'ul
 in, n'od'gung are shv br'g'l I'eyes is crum l'oi all n' f'ey l'is



T W O



the season 'tis, my love-y lambs,

140

1

of Summer Voadstead Christ and Co.
the epoch of Man's 3rd consciousness
the age of dollars and no sense.
Which being quite beyond dispute

as prove from Troy N. Y. to Cairo
Egypt, the um a us anthyramos
of large immaculate unmutr
antholshetis gents
teach me all things word by word
his own unwarred arena of pyro
technia built about the
hero dead that gladly sac
in far lands perished or unheard
of marades mounting flu

my little darangs, let us now
passionate ever remember how—
brave as the worst of per- hoodless,
each braver than the other, each
a typewriter within his reach
upon his fearless derrick
sturdily seated—Colonel. Needless
To Name and General. You know who
a string of pretty medals drew

(while messrs jack james john and jim
in token of their country's love
received my dears the order of
'The Artificial Arm and Lamb,

—or since blondshed and kindred questions
inhibit unprepared digestions,

TWO

I

come let us mildly contemplate
beginning with the west end pants
earth's biggest grafter, nothing less,
the Honorable Mr. goess,
who, area being on the ear of fate,
landed a seat in the leg seat
are whereas Tommy so and so
an erring child of circumstance
whom the bulls nabbed at 33rd)

passed six months for selling snow

opening of the chambers close

TWO
II

quotes the microscope into cold President
in a new frock

costs screaming all

up over the tribune dances crazily

& & &

chance a wut Peacepeacepeace to

dropping

descent amid thunderous anthropoid applause pronounced

by the way Pay the

extremely artistic nevertheless distinguished fla

me of the very prettily indeed arra

ged souvenir of the in spite of himself fa

rious soldier in this his ne-

mial as not to hurt the perspective of the he-

nous thought otherwise so minutely tabulated vicinity over-

gives a few really curious re-

cord on people both male and female

created He

then, And every beast of the field



TWO

11.

"next to of course god america !
love you land of the pilgrims' and so forth oh
say can you see by the dawn's early light
country 'tis of gentiles come and go
and are so more what if it we should worry
in every language even death is done
the sons a- a in your g or our name by gorry
by jingo by gee by gosh by gum
why talk of beauty when could be more beaut-
iful than these heroic happy dead
who rushed for sons to the roaring slaughter
they did not stop to think they were instead
then shall the voices of liberty be mute "

He spoke. And drank rapidly a glass of water

it's jolly
 odd what paper is
 your jolly tale when the
 jolly stanzas begin dropping away fast you
 hear the tramp and
 then nearer and nearer and NEARER
 and before
 you can

TWO
 IV

& we're

NOT

(not)

I say

that's jolly odd
 odd thing: jolly
 odd, jolly
 jolly odd isn't
 it jolly odd.

I WO

v

look at this
a 75 done
this nobody would
has so relieved
would they not
kidding this was my particular

pal
funny a it
it was
buddies
used to

know
him left the
poor cuss
tenderly this side up handle

with care
fragile
and send him home

to his old mother in
a new nice pine box

(collect

first Jock he
was kilt a handsome
man and James and
next let me
see yea Will that was
cleverest
he was kilt and my youngest
boy was kilt last with
the big eyes moved like you can't
imagine Harry was a
god kilt he was kilt everybody was kilt
they called them the kilties

TWO
VI

TWO
v.l.f

hs
ten

you know what i mean when
the first guy drops you know
everybody feels sick or
when they throw in a few gas
and the oh baby shrapnel
or my feet getting that freezing or
up to your you know what in water or
with the bugs crawling right all up
all everywhere over you all me everyone
that's been there knows what
i mean a god damned lot of
people don't and never
never
w' i know,
they don't want

to
no

come, gaze with me upon this dome
of many coloured glass, and see
his mother's pride, his father's joy,
unto whom duty whispers now

"thou must" and who replies "I can!"
You clear upstanding well-dressed boy
that with his peers to our harsh quaffed
the wine of life and found it sweet—

a tear within his stern blue eye,
upon his firm white lips a smile,
one thought a one to die or die
for God for country and for Yale

above his proud determined head
the sacred flag of truth unfurled,
in the bright boyday of his youth
the upper class American

unsuspecting stands, before the world
with manly heart and conscience free
upon the frost steps of her home
of the high minded pure young girl

much kissed, by loving relatives
well fed, and fully photographed
the son of man goes forth to war
with trumpets clasp and syphons

IWO
IX

little and is more
than dead exactly dance
in my head, precisely
dance where danced la guerre.

Mum a
la voix fragile
qui chatouille Des
Italiens

the puritan with the ivory throat
Marie Louise Lallemand
n'as-tu pas que le suis une
chère? les anglais vraiment
tous, les américains
aussi "bon dos, bon cul de Paris" Marie
Vierge
Priez
Pour
Nous?

with the
long lips of
Lucienne which dangle
the old men and hot
men se promènent
doucement le soir ladies

accurately dead les anglais
sont gentils et les américains
sûrement s'occupent des américains dance

exactly in my brain voulez
vous coucher avec
moi Non? pourquoi?

issues sa-fu-y
 dead precisely dance
 where has danced in
 guerre j'm'appre-
 Marion. 51 rue Henri Mounier
 voulez vous coucher avec moi ?
 te fera M-m
 te fera M-nette,
 dead exactly dance
 si vous voulez
 chatou-ler
 mon lézard ladies suddenly
 j'm'en fout de negres

TWO
 IX

in the twilight of Paris

Marie Louise with queenly
 legs 51 rue Henri
 Mounier a little more
 begs, M-m with the body
 like une hôte a ou-oux. want nice sleep
 toutes ces petites femmes exactes
 qui dansent toujours in my
 head dis-donc, Paris

ta gorge mystérieuse
 pourquoi se promène-t-elle, pourquoi
 éclate ta voix
 fragile cœur de pivoine ?

with the

long lips of Lucienne which
 dangle the old men and hot men
 precisely dance in my head
 dead es cartoonly dead

TWO
A

16 hours
1 ft 10 in

the communists have fine eyes

some are young some old none
look alike the flies rush
after the crowd sprawl & collapse
sing & knock down & trample the kicked on
flies rush the

Faces, tidium, are
very tidium reassuringly similar,
they all have very tidium
mustaches, and very
tidium chins, and just above
their very tidium ears their
very tidium necks begin,
let us add

that there are 50, fifty flies for every
one (1) communist and
as the flies are very organically
arranged
and their nuclei, composed
of captains & freshly-creased
uniforms with only just-
shaved buttons
tidium
before and behind has a nucleus

the Prefect of Police

creature, swaggers daintily
twiddling
his tiny cane
and, mazurkas about tweak-
ing his wing to war pecking at his arm

perceptible gravel directing being
shouting his cuffs
saluted everywhere saluting
reviewing processions of millions
tapping cop on the back

"alexei circulez")

my he's brave
the
communists pick
up the useless friends
& their hats legs &

arms crush art coats
smile looking hands
spit blood teeth

the Communists have very fine eyes
which stare under and thither through (he
evening in bruised narrow questioning faces)

TWO
XI

my sweet and eternera
and very during the recent

War could and what
is more did tell you just
what everybody was fighting

for,
my sister

said created hundreds
and
hundreds of socks not to
mention shirts flapproof warwarmers

eternera Winters eternera, my
mother hoped that

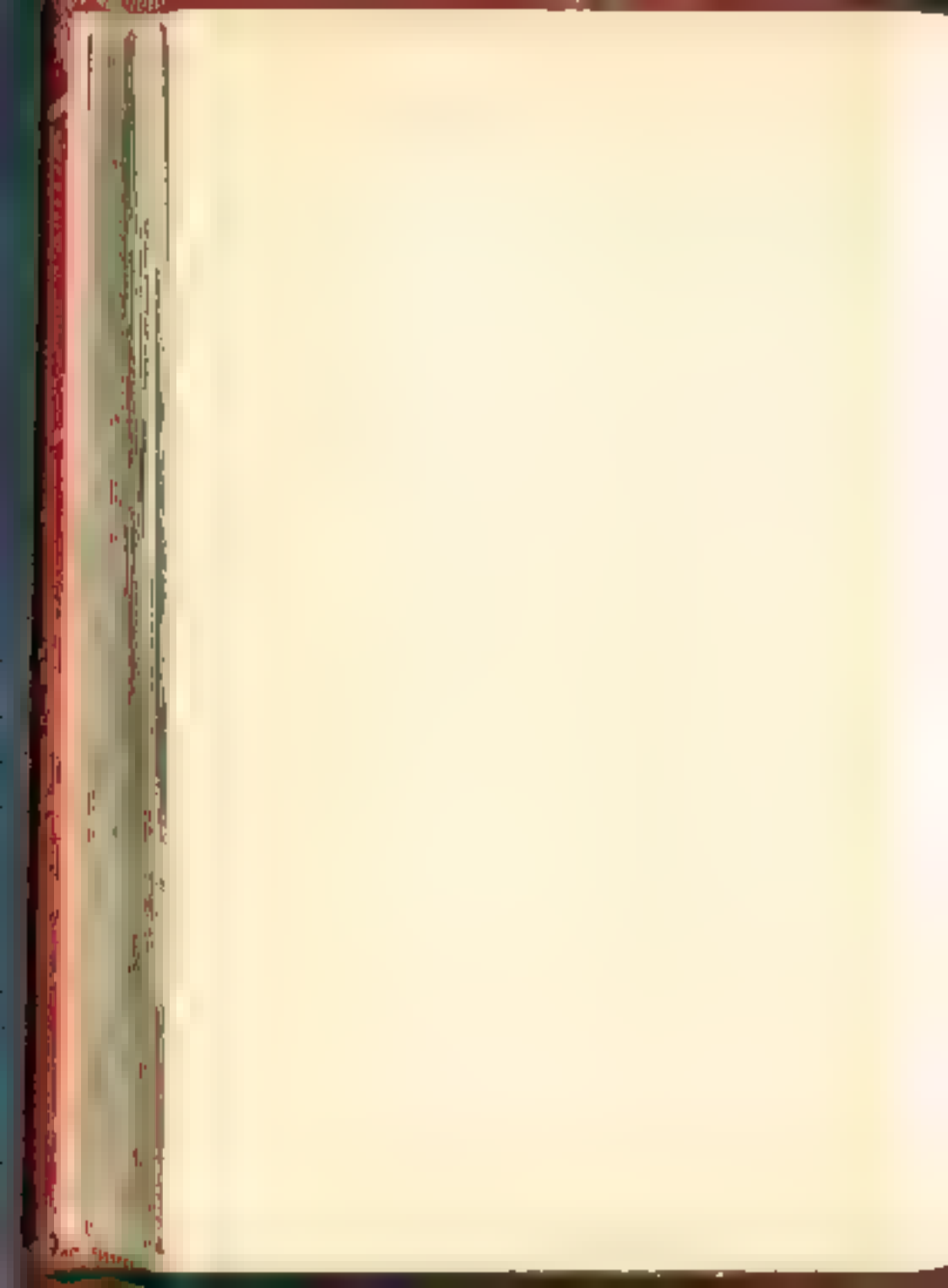
I would die eternera
bravely of course my father used
to become nearer talking about how it was
a privilege and if only he
could mean while my

self eternera lay quietly
in the deep mud of

cetera
(dreaming,
et

cetera, of
Your smile
eyes knees and of your Eternera)

T H R E E



now that fierce few
flowers stealthily)
in the above west
begin

THREE
I

requisite at this six
feet of Breton big good
body, which terminated
in fists hair wood

erect cursing hat-ess who
sent by wind hammer hard-
over the top, scattered
forward skidding in air, rageous

sabots language trucking
pried his black
mouth with fat pbing
lips,

once upon a
(that is
over and the sea heaving
indolent colour ess forgets time

Requiescat.
carry
carefully the blessed large sent him
into nothing final worms

THREE

I

Among

these

red pieces of
day against which and
quite silent y brass
made of blue and green paper

searched and in them

seives I

pour y into

angush cum

bring

s-p-i-r-a-

and, disappear

Satanic and blasé

a black goat lookingly wanders

'There is nothing left of the world but

into this nothing

ag a treno per

Roma si gnori?

jerk

ayr, ushes

the winter a moon in the afternoon
and warm air turning into January darkness up
through which sprouting gently the cathedral
leans its dreamy spine against a half sunset

I HINT
III

I perceive in front of our hall a ring of people
a orotic swoon of centrifugally expectant
faces, humanity which devours a man, three cats,
five white mice, and a baboon.

On a monkey with a sharp face waiting, suddenly
the sight of this pandered pote a monkey attained
by a chain secured to its tail always talking
individually, mysterious witty hairless.

Cats which move smoothly, from neck to neck of bottles, cats
smoothly working out and in between bottles, who alter smoothly
and rapidly among the pots, over the squaring
mirror, or leap through hoops of fire, creating smoothness.

People stare, the drunker applaud
while a wright takes the string out of the vermillion
jacket of nocking hairy Jacques who gives a mouse
to hold lovingly,

our lady what do you think of this. Do your proud fingers and
you armistice remember something square, fragile
and which has been presented unto you as a mystery
the cathedral, recedes into weather without answering

THREE
IV

impossibly

motivated by midnight
the fly-specked anonymous female
undoubtedly tourian
stro is
on thing minute grins

each an intaglio.
Nothing
has also carved upon her much

too white forehead a pair of
eyes which flutter thickly as one merely
terrificulous American an instant doubts
the authenticity

of these antiquities reading
hurries
elsewhere, to blow
incredible wampum

in the, exquisi, e,

THREE

v

morning sure ly Her eyes exactly situated a little round able
among other little round tables Her eyes count slowly

obscure from stimulation tries sure Ly float Na, the

of pieces of of sunnigh too fall in god through of trees Of.

Fields Elysian

for ke, a sleep ing neck a breathing a , lies

so why the woman an pa, ris her

flesh wakes

in little streets

while exact yge his legs, play ing nake D

and

chairs wait under the trees

Fields snowy Elysian in

a firm coo, Ness taxi, g. Quid M

and, betw ee nch a rest her er s the suryo d

Woman Sel ing Ba con S

In their quiet

morning,

her sure Ly eyes so exactly her surst a sure y little,

round table among other, a the exactly round tables,

Her

.eyes

THIRFE
VI

candies and

Here Comes a glass box
which the exhumed
hand of Saint Ignatz miraculously
inhabits. people tumble
down, people crumble to their
knees. people
begin crossing people) and

Here Comes a glass box
surrounded by priests
moving in lit y colours
sensuously

(the crowd
how a faintly
blubbering pointing)

see
yes)
It
here
comes

A Glass
Box and incense with

and oh sunlight—
the crash of the
colours of the oh
suddenly
stealing priests-and-
slowly always procession and

Enters

THREE

VI

this

church,

toward which The

Exuberant statter upon a tithed mbs,

While races like defunct geraniums,

THEIR Parachutes April sunset completely attracts
VII utters serenely silently a cathedral

before whose upward rear magnificence face
the streets turn young with rain,

spiral acres of bloated rose
conceded with cobalt hues of sky
yield to and heed
the marve

 if twilight who slenderly descends
dauntless carrying in her eyes the dangerous first stars
people move love hurry in a gently

arriving gloom and
see the new moon
flashes abruptly with sudden silver
these poor pockets of lame and begging colour while
there and here the attitude our prostitute
Night, argues

with certain houses

will out of the kindness of their hearts a few philoso-
phers tell me

THREE
VIII

what am I doing on top of this hill at Catch das, in the
sun, ghr

down ever so far on the beach below me a little girl in
white spins, tumbles, rolling on sand

across this water, crowding in the browns and whites
showing, the dotting millions of windows of thou-
sands of houses— Lisbon! Like the crackle of a
typewriter, in the afternoon sky

goats and sheep are driven by somebody along a curve
of road which eats into a pink cliff back and up
leaving out of yellow-green water

they are building a house down there by the sea, in the
afternoon

rapidly a reddish ant travels my titch finger
a bird chirps in a tree, somewhere nowhere
and a little girl in white is tumbling
in sand

Clouds over
me are like bridegrooms

Naked and luminous

(here the absurd I; life, to peer
and wear clothes, I am alto-
gether foolish, I suddenly
make a fist out of ten fin-
gers

Voices rise from down ever so far—
hush

Sunlight,

there are old men behind me I tell
you, several, incredible, sleepy

THREE but observe, a though
IX once s never the beginning of
enough, is .bl. do not pretend
to know the reason any more than But look up-

raising, hoisting, a little
perhaps hat and this, dict: y
propping on sma est hands
the sun be ging you
because
it's five o'clock

and these notice trees w nderbrief surly old
gurgie a nonsense of sparrows, the cathedral
shudders darkening
the sky is washed with tone

now for a moon
to equal up first darkness
a little moon thinner than

memory

fast

-er

that all the whys
which lurk
between your naked shoulderblades. - Here

comes a stout fellow in a blouse
just outside this window touching the glass

boxes one by one with his magic
stick/in which a willing

head of flame bulleties)

see

THIRTY

IX

here and here they explode
silently into focuses of brightness That is enough
of f_c , for you. I understand Once
again... sliding

a little downward, embrace me with your body's suddenly
curving calm warm questions

THREE sun-glow was over
X our mouths fears hearts lungs arms hopes feet hands

under us the unspeaking Mediterranean bluer
than we had imagined
a few cries drifting through
high air
a sea a fishing boat somebody an invisible spectator,
maybe certain nobodies laughing faintly

playing moving far below us

perhaps one you caught like pieces
of a kite in the trees, here
and here reflecting
sunlight
(everywhere sunlight keen complete
silent)

and everywhere you your knees your flesh your breath
beside under around myself

by and by

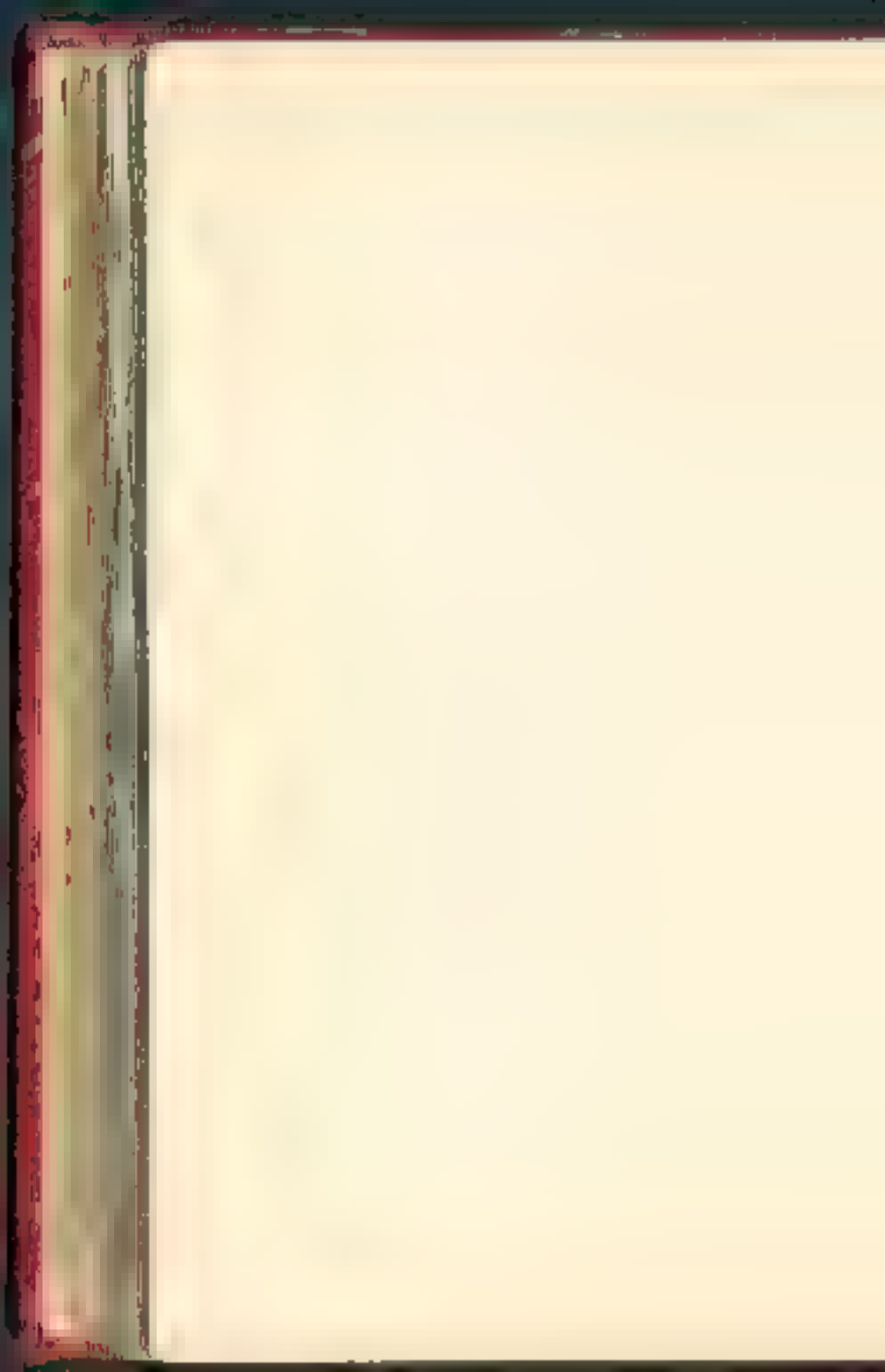
a fat colour reared itself against the sky and the sea

... finally your eyes knew
me, we smiled to each other, relaxing, watching
(sprawling, in
grass upon a
cliff what had been something
else caretraps slowly falling into ourselves

while in the very middle of fire all

86 the world becoming bright and little meated.

FOUR



L O R

I

the moon looked into my window
it touched me with its small hands
and with a long infantile
fingers it understood my eyes cheeks mouth
its hands slipping feet of my neck she wandered
against my shirt and on my body the
sharp things fingered touch my heart life

the little hands withdrew, jerking themselves
quickly they began playing with a button
the moon smiled she
let go my vest and crept
through the window
she did not fall
she went creeping along the air

over houses

roofs

And out of the east town
her a fragile light bent gathering

U C K if being morticed with a dream
I myself speaks

(whispering,
suggesting that our souls
inhabit whatever is between them)
knowing my lips hand the way move
my habits laughter

say
you will perhaps pardon,
possibly you will comprehend and how
this has arrived your mind may guess

if at sunset
it should, leaning against me, smile,
or (between dawn and twilight) giving

your eyes, present me also
with the terror of sameness

which none has suspected (but
wherein is only
a ways
are kneading the various deaths
which have your overlaid together with what keen
innumerable lives he has not lived.

here's a little mouse and
what does he think about,
wonder as over this
floor quietly with

OUR
III

bright eyes, doesn't nobody
can't because
Nobody knows, or why
jokes Here & there,
get out of the room & meet at the lake
and rest
poem a
with wet ears and see

tail fringes)

gun

"mouse",

We are not the same you and

here's a little

or is

that

or was something we saw the mirror,

therefore we'll miss, for maybe
what was Disappeared
into ourselves
who (look), scarted

OUR
IV

but if i should say
goodmornung trouble adds
up all sorts of quickly
things on the state of that
nigger's
face but

If should say thankyouverymuch

mr rosenblum: picks strawberries
with beringed hands)but f

i Should say along my
ta for
chuckles

like a woman in a dream (but if i
should say
Now the all saucers
but cups f begin to spoons dance every-

should where say over the damned table and we
hold up Eyes everything
hands you know what
happens but if i should,
Say,

in spite of everything
which breathes and moves, since Doom
with white longest hands
neatening each crease
will smooth entirely our minds

FOUR
V

—before leaving my room
turn, and stooping
through the morning kiss
this pillow, dear
where our heads lived and were.

1 JUL' R you are not going to, dear You are not going to and
VI but that doesn't in the least matter I am big
fear When he is as deep as this list is

no longer, can you imagine it
I can't which doesn't matter
and what does it signify his fear, that we may resume
impact with the but is doing

once more with the mag nath e, ove, and tatsunaghi do
you he love it I am big and that doesn't matter with

suggest teach us a new terror always
which shall brighten
certainly those things we consider life
Do I put my eyes into you but that doesn't matter
further than of old

because you told the doctors, much you with hopes and
words and with sound and we are together we will
kiss or smile or more. It's different too isn't it

different dear from moving as we, you
and I used to move when I thought you were going to, but
that doesn't matter
when you thought you were going to America

Then

moving was a matter of not keeping still we were
two alert mice in the broad hair of nothing

since feeling is first
who pays any attention
to the syntax of things
will never wholly kiss you;

OUR
Vil

whom to be a fool
while Spring is in the world

my blood approves,
and kisses are a better fate
than wisdom
lady I swear by all flowers. Don't cry
the best gesture of my brain is less than
your eyes' flutter which says

we are for each other then
laugh leaning back in my arms
for life's not a paragraph

And death I think is no parenthesis

FOUR
VIII

some ask praise of their fellows
but being otherwise
made compose curves
and yellow, angles or sines
to a less erring end

myself is sculptor of
your body's idiom
the measurer of your wrists,
the poet who is afraid
only to mistranslate

a rhythm in your hair,
, your fingertips
the way you move)
the

painter of your voice—
beyond those elements

remarkably nothing is. therefore, lady
am content should any
by me carved thing provoke
your gesture possibly or

any painting for its own

reason in your lips
she who may should create one least smile
shyly
if a poem should lift to
me the distinct country of your
eyes, gifted with green twilight

supposing i dreamer his
only image, when day has thinned
you are a house around which
i am a wind—

FOUR
IX

your walls w I not reckon how
strangely my life is curved
since the best he can do
is to peer through windows, unobserved

listen, for (out of all
things dream is none's fool,
if this wind who i am prowls
carefully around this house of you

love being such or such
the normal corners of your heart
will never guess how much
my wonderful jealousy is dark

if light should flower
or laughing sparkle from
the shut house around and around
which a poor wind will roam

FOUR you are like the snow only
 A purer flecter, like the rain
 only sweeter traler you

whom certain
flowers resemble but trembling towards
which fear
transmiss within your least gesture the hurrying
skull which lives and space

nothing lingers
beyond a little instant,
along with rhyme and with laughter
O my lady
 and every little marvelous breathing thing)

since and you are on our ways to dust
of your fragility
 but chiefly of your smile,
most suddenly which is
of love and death a marriage you give me
courage
so that against myself
the sharp days slobber in vain

Not am I afraid that
this, which we call autumn, cleverly
dies and over the ripe world wanders with
a near and careful
smile in his mouth making
everything suddenly old and with his awkward eyes
pushing
sleep under and thoroughly
into all beautiful things)

winter, whom Spring shall kill.

FOUR
X

FOR
XI

because
you go away & give roses who
will advise even yourself, lady
in the most certainly of what we
everywhere do not touch) deep
things

remembering ever so
truly these, your crisp
eyes actually shall contain new facets

and if your sun-ips are amused, no wisest

painter of fragile
Marys will understand
how smiling may be made as
skillfully, But carry
also, with that indolent and with
this flower whomever whom you do
not ever fear,

me in your heart

softly not all
but the beginning

of myself

you being in love
with the who softly asks in love

OUR
X.I

am separated from your body am a brain hands merely
to become the jumping puppets of a dream oh how can
entirely having in my care how
careful arms created this at length
inexcusable, this inexplicable pleasure—you go from several
persons believe me that strangers arrive
when I have kissed you into a memory
slowly, oh seriously
that since and if you disappear

solemnly
myself
ask "to the question how do I drink a very smile

and how do I prefer this to another and
why do I weep at sleep what does the whole attend"
they wonder oh and there is the being, that ~~will~~ have
this absurd fraction in its lowest terms
with everything cancelled
but shadows

what does it all come down to love Love
+ you like and I like for the reason that
hate people and can out of his window is love love
and the reason that I laugh and breathe is in love and the reason

that I do not fall on this street is love"

OUR
XII.

Nobody wears a yellow
flower in his buttonhole
he is altogether a queer fellow
as young as he is old

When an unknown comes
who twiddles his white thumbs
and frisks down the boulevards

without his coat and hat

I and I wonder just why that
should please me or I wonder what he does

and where the bottom of this trunk,
under some dirty colars only a
moment

for
was I perhaps a year ago I found staring
me in the face a dead yellow small rose

it is so long since my heart has been with yours

FOUR
XIV

that by our mingling arms through
a darkness where new lights began and
always,
since your mind has walked into
my kiss as a stranger
into the streets and colours of a town—

that I have perhaps forgotten
how, always from
these hurrying crudities
of blood and flesh Love
coins His most gradual gesture,

and whittles life to eternity

after which our separating selves become museums
filled with skilfully stuffed memories

FOUR
XV

i am a beggar always
who begs in your mind

i sign my name in your heart, unspeaking
with a sign on his
breast
BLIND yes

am this person of whom somehow
you are never wholly sure and who

does not ask for more than
just enough dreams to
live on)
after all, kid

you might as well
toss him a few thoughts

a little love preferably,
anything which you can
pass off on other people for
instance a
plugged promise

then he will maybe hear of something
fall into his hat & waddering
after it with fingers too having

found
what was thrown away
himself
taptaptaps out of your brain, hopes, life

to (carefully turning a
corner never bother you any more

if within tonight's erect
everywhere of black muscles fools
a weightless slowness, nettly

FOUR
XVI

muting the world's texture with unlit

g fits of feathered sinuosity and
how gradually which descending so suddenly
received, or by lounful onnavance

accuracy thither and hither myself

struts unremembered remembering y
with in both pockets and hand's moves
why from toward morning he is a ghost whom

assault these whispering firs of ha'

(and a few windows awaken certain faces
busily homely under through new light
bush we are made of the same thing as perhaps

nothing, he murmurs caretully ag down

FOUR
XVI.

how this uncouth enchanted
person, arising from a
restaurant, looks acrosses or moves
—climbing, past light after
light to turn, disappears

the very swift and
invisibly living
rhythm of your Heart possibly

will understand,
or why in

this most exquisite of cities
of the long night a fragile imitation of
, perhaps myself carefully wanders
streets dark and, deep

with rain

(he, slightly whom or
cautiously this person

and this imitation resemble,
descends into the earth with the year
a cigarette between his ghost-lips

gradually
remembering badly, softly
your
kissed thence suddenly smile

go to this window

FOUR
XVIII

just as day dissolves
when it is twilight and
looking up in fear

to see the new moon
thinner than a hair

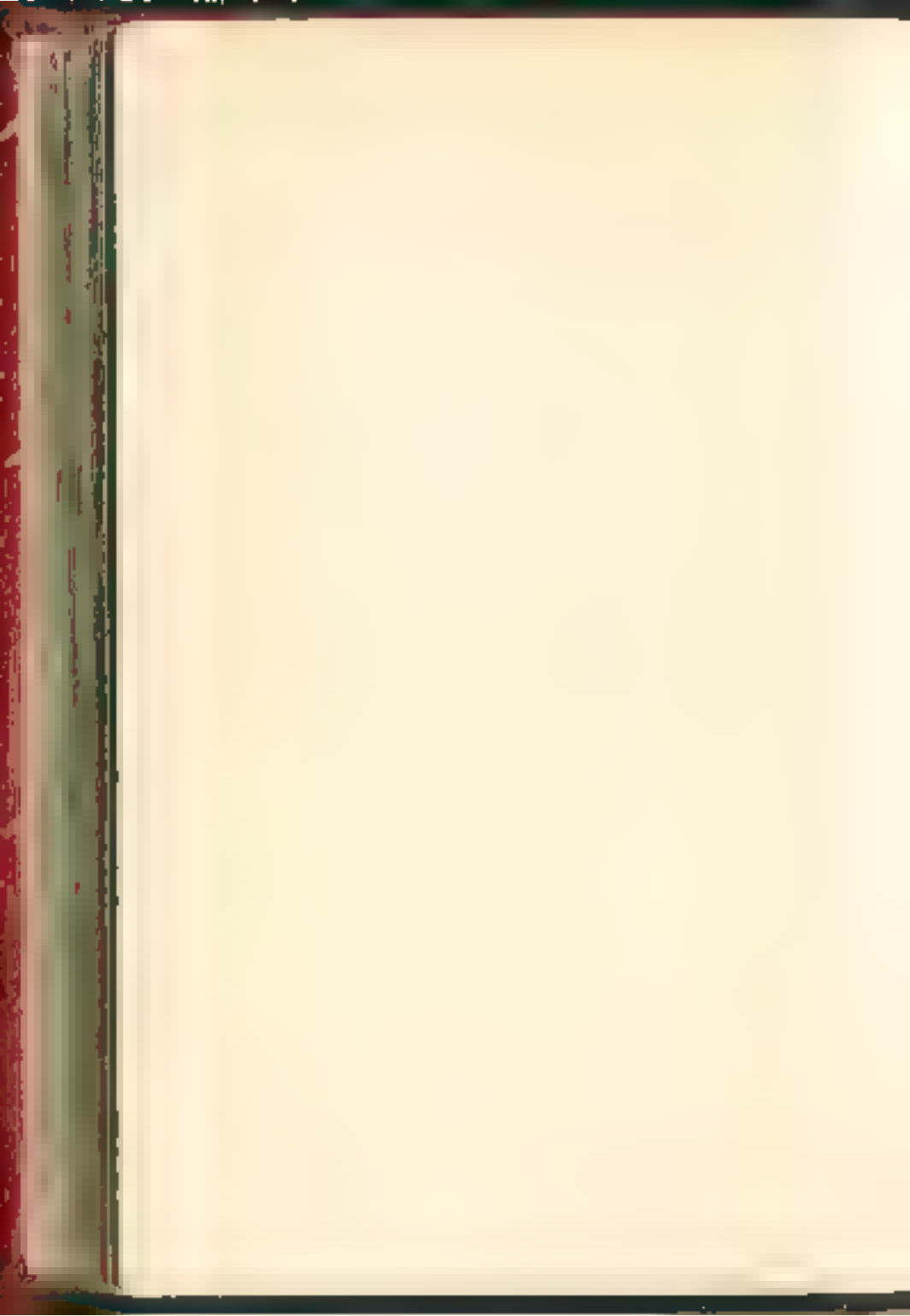
making me feel
how myself has been fierce and bold
compared with you, silently who are
and long
to my mind always

But now a sharpness and becomes crisper
until I am with knowing
and all about
hereafter

the sprouting largest final air

plunges
inward with hurried
downward thousands of enormous dreams

FIVE



after all white horses are in bed

FIVE

with you walking beside me, my very lady,
if scarcely the somewhat city
wiggles a considerable weight

touch now with a slenderly insid

gesture ghtly my eyes?
And send it out of me and the night
absolutely into me . . . a wise
in power moving of your arm will
do suddenly that

will do
more than heroes venture you shall
a-mour-landing to huge pale horses
and the poets looked at them and made verses,
through the sharp light trying as the knights flew

FIVE. touching you, say it being Spring
II and night "let us go a very little beyond
the last road—there's something to be found"

and smiling you answer "everything
turns into something else, and slips away.
(these caves are a longish with moonstone,
and I'm ever so very little afraid")

I say
"along this particular road the moon if you'll,
never follows us like a big yellow dog. You

don't believe? look back. Along the sand
behind us, a big yellow dog that's now it's red
a big red dog that may be owned by who
knows

only turn a little your so. And
there's the moon, there is something faithful and man"

114 E
IV

our loving hearts tenderly comprehend
 (aging as hoppers, loving one another
gradually into hands) and bema-
into the huge disaster of the year

like this most early single star which lugs

weak year twilight, night in thickening tear
our sighful lingering sports starve and smother
until autumn abruptly who's hugs

our dying in our hands, which hand in hand
at some window try to understand
the

 (turning the clock count perishing as a haunted
work hard, again a faint wishless melancholy,
suddenly too long accurate undanted

moon's forget third turning slowly

if I have made my lady, intricate
 more than various things which wrong
 your eyes, rather than most deep dreams are true,
 songs less true than your body's wildest song
 upon my mind: I have failed to start
 the gentle too shy, though my singing slips
 the very skin of strangeness in your smile,
 the keen primal silence of your hair

I Live

1

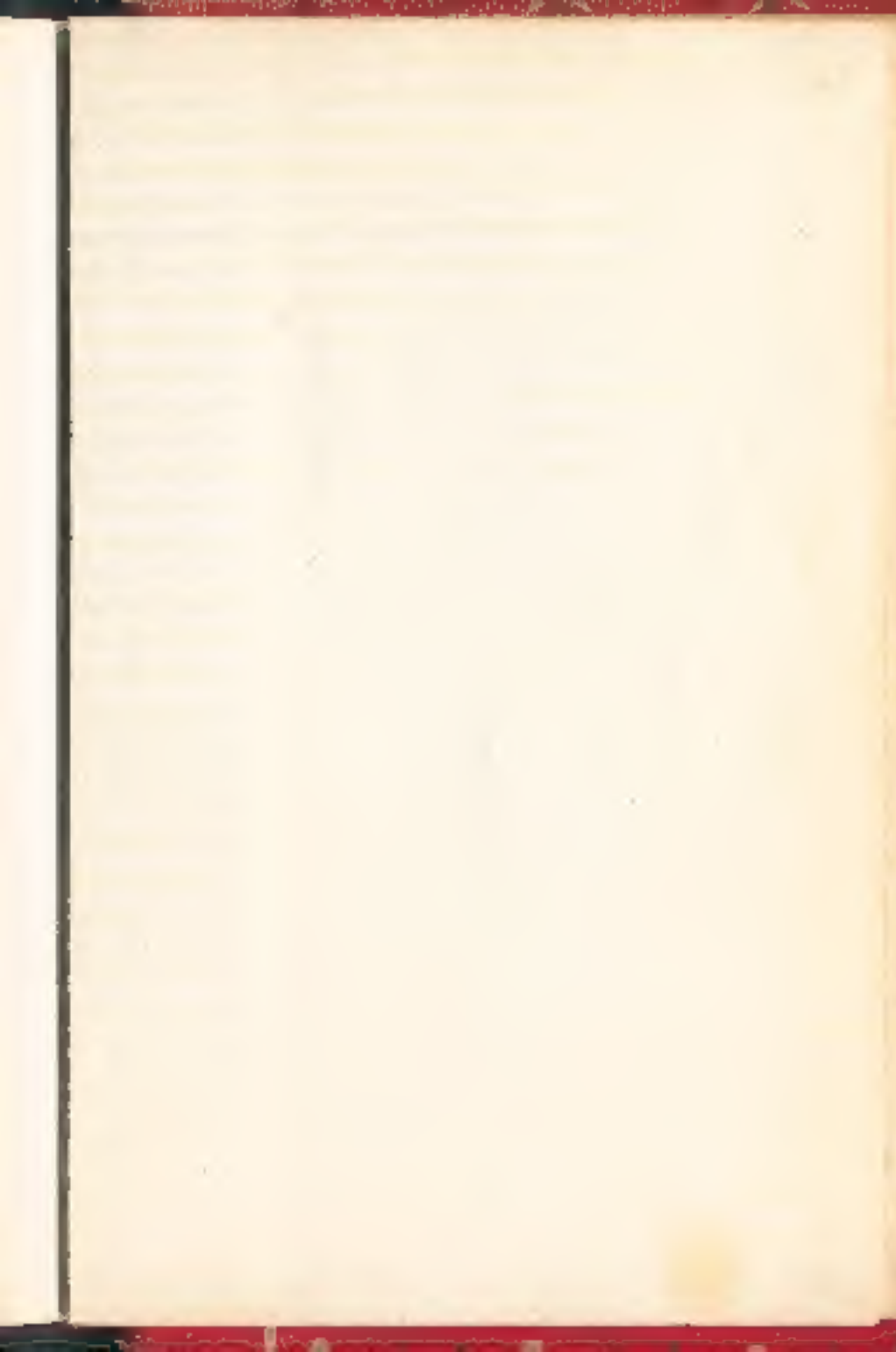
let the world say "his most wise mask stole
 nothing from death"

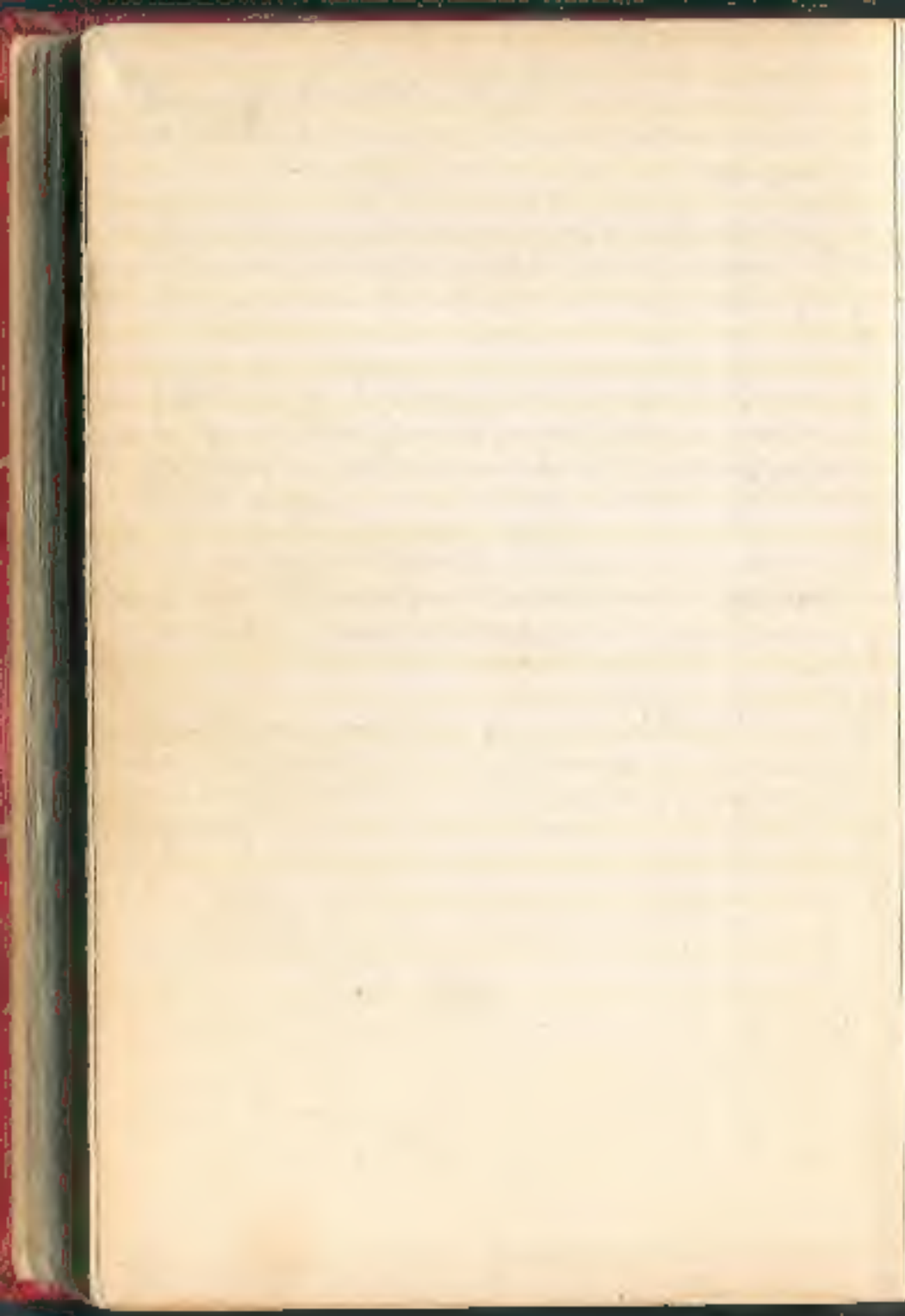
you only will create
 who are so free have my shame
 only brought whose pride and fragrances
 the sweet small dusty tear of the same

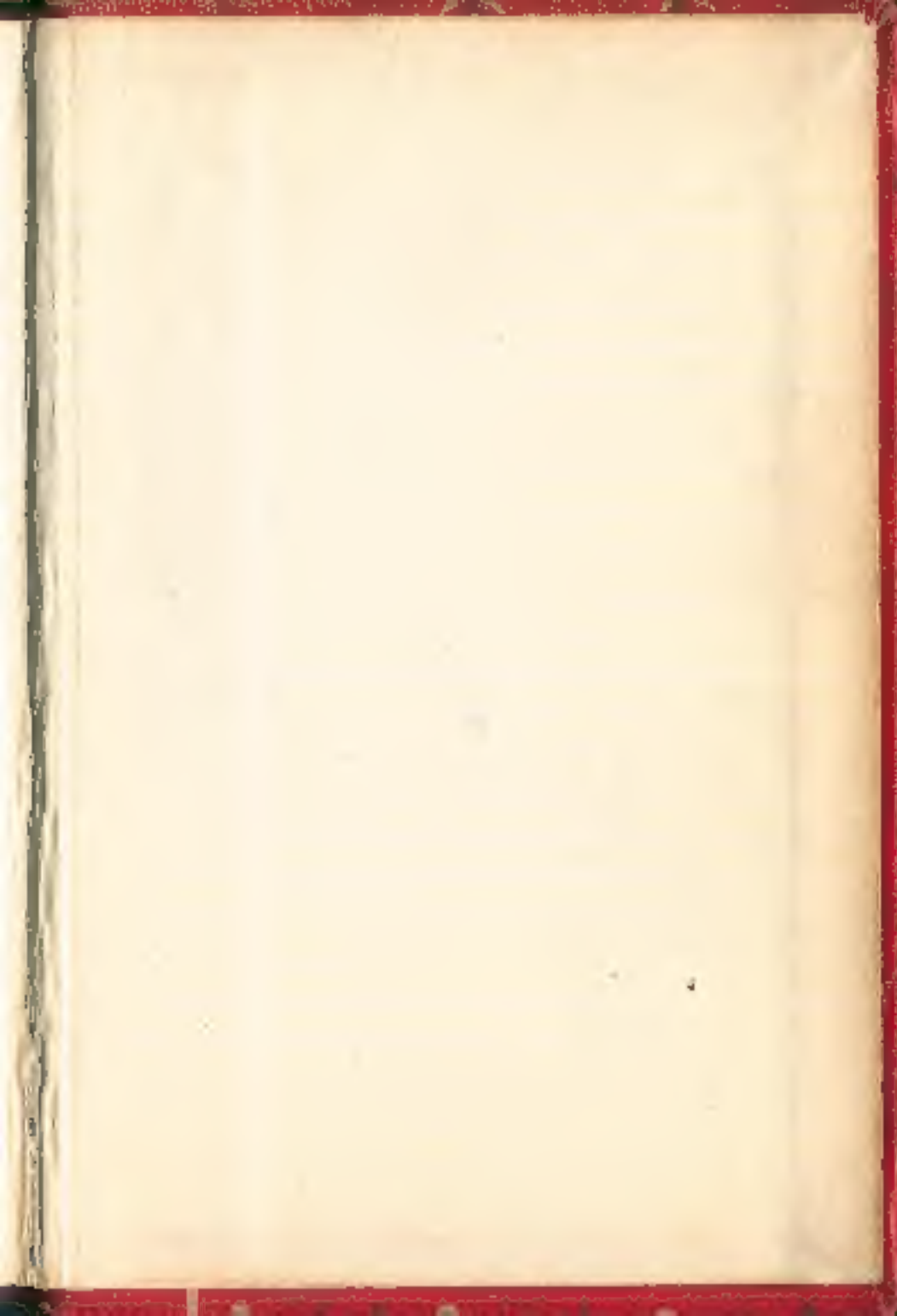
into the ragged meadow of my soul.











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